

Ode for a Self Made Man

Well this ain't no prime Oasis.
But I'll tell you where my place is.
In a box, just off Bourbon Street.
But I am not complaining.
Cause it doesn't let the rain in.
I could use a little bite to eat.

I am hoping maybe some day.
Maybe Friday, maybe Monday.
Opportunity will finally show it's hand.
Singing ditty's on the corner
For a nickel or a quarter
Buys some soup for a self made man

*I'm a self made man.
Sing for pocket change whenever I can.
For opportunity to find me and then,
I want to be a self made man.
I'm a self made man.
Write my music on the palm of my hand.
The city traffic is the sound of my band.
I want to be a self made man.*

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He said I'm a song producer.
Told me "son, you got a future".
And I signed on the dotted line.
Now my box is sitting vacant.
Cause I'm living in a basement.
With a meal and a bottle of wine.

So quickly did it happen.
From a cellar to a mansion.
Gonna make the big time if I can.
My future's looking brighter.
Now that I've become a writer.
With the dreams of a self made man

*I'm a self made man.
Re-writing poetry as best I can.
Crumpled paper in a garbage can.
Want to be a self made man.
I'm a self made man.
A simple wordsmith is what I am
A tiny part of god's eternal plan.
And I want to be a self made man.*

Instrumental Break

Then suddenly like magic.
Traded fortune for the tragic,
With a song destined for the top.
Of a person with his wishes.
And a tale from rags to riches.
Of a person from a cardboard box.

There's another street musician.
So I stop to toss my change in.
He's collecting what is offered in a can.
I'm reminded of another.
Who began just like a beggar.
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